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This corresponds fairly closely with the observations recorded at Kieta. According to the statements of white residents, there would appear to have been much less north-west wind during the year I spent on the islands than is usually the case. Possibly in years when this change in the direction of the wind is more marked, there may be a more definite 'rainy season' than was experienced by me. The islands are outside the hurricane belt. Only on two occasions (Jan. 11 and July 9, 1930) was the wind strong enough to do real damage to the native huts, which are not built to withstand a gale. The former of these was remarked by the white residents as being a south-east wind, unusual at that time, when the north-west wind should have been blowing. The direction and force of the wind are important to the natives because when a heavy sea is running their fishing operations are badly hampered, and this, if continued for more than a day or two, means insufficient variety of diet.

NATIVE REACTION TO CLIMATE

All these people feel the cold very much. They dislike rain, partly because it brings cold, but also for the wetting, and when forced to go out in it will cut a large leaf, probably of bush taro, to use as an umbrella. During a spell of wet weather, with the thermometer on my verandah ranging somewhere in the 70's instead of the usual 80–90°, they went about with their shoulders hunched and their arms folded across their chests, looking the picture of misery. Any blankets or towels that they happened to possess were wrapped round them, and the few proud owners of a white man's vest or coat wore it day and night. They seemed to begin to feel cold wherever the temperature dropped below 80°. Fires would be lighted, and a group would soon gather round, sitting almost on the top of them, or people would light torches of coco-nut-palm leaves and hold them close to their bodies. I have seen them take a smouldering log and all but burn their skins with it.

They will work all day in blazing sun in the taro garden or fishing on the reef if the spirit moves them. But they do not sit in the sun, and they keep their children out of it. A mother may be obliged to take her baby with her when she goes to search for shellfish on the reef, but she will keep its head carefully under her hood. The more enterprising put up shelters behind their houses to give them shade.

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others (see Pl. 4). Here the women work, cook, and gossip; the men may join them if they wish, except the boys wearing the *upi* (leaf hat connected with puberty ceremonies), to whom all that portion of the village is rigorously taboo.

The interior is alike in all. There are no dividing partitions. The floor is the bare earth, trodden hard. The only furniture is a row of broad planks propped up on small logs, along one side of the hut, which serve as beds. Short lengths of bamboo are used as pillows. Between each plank is just space enough for a small fire. There is probably a place for roasting taro with the aid of hot stones, the native oven, at the farther end of the hut near the women's entrance. Cooking pots, the cleaned-out coco-nut shells used to store water, packs for carrying taro, and a few personal possessions, lie on the ground; sometimes a plank is laid across two poles to form a shelf on which such objects can be kept out of the way. Bundles containing more valuable property hang from the rafters, tied up in banana fibre or old loin-cloths. Every returned plantation hand is the proud possessor of a wooden box with lock and key, part of the kit which must be provided by the employer for each of his 'boys' when they 'sign on', which he displays in a prominent position. All sorts of treasures such as medicine bundles, knives, &c., are stowed away between the thatch and the supporting rafters. Nets and banana-fibre straps for carrying burdens hang over the cross-poles that form part of the framework of the hut, and there is usually a basket containing some pieces of cold taro in case any one feels hungry at a time when it is not convenient to cook.

As a rule, the household consists of father, mother, and children. In the case of polygynous marriages, each wife will usually have her own hut, particularly if she has children, and the husband distributes his company as he pleases, spending a certain amount of time with the woman who ranks as his chief wife, but most of it with the one who for the time being stands highest in favour. A wife who is old or incapacitated, or one whose children have all started out for themselves, will often share a hut with one of the other wives, not always amicably. In some of the Buka villages large huts are now built, housing all the wives of one man; the interior of these is partitioned off into rooms for each. An aged parent of either sex may also form part of the household, the taboo between mother-in-law and son-in-law being relaxed when the former is old.

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poses—in a dozen or so cleaned-out coco-nut shells. The men come in from the reef, dangling strings of fish, if they have been lucky, or from the bush with a 'possum or two on a pole over their shoulders. Smoke begins to rise from every hut, in preparation for the main meal of the day. This consists for the most part of taro, but it is essential to have a 'relish' of fish, shell-fish, or 'possum, or, in the rare event of a hunter having been successful, a piece of wild pig, if the animal is not required to be kept alive for a forthcoming feast. But either the pigs are very wary, or, which is more likely, the hunter has given less attention to his quarry than to his assignation, for it is not often that he brings home any spoil.

The meal disposed of, the sound of the conch-shell calls the village to evening service. By the time it is over, the sun will have set. There is no twilight in these latitudes, darkness falling a very short time after the sun has disappeared. Fires provide the only illumination, and soon appear dotted about the village, with groups sitting round them chatting and playing with the children. In spite of what may have seemed an uneventful day, they always have plenty to talk about, and they sometimes tease one another unmercifully. If a dance is going on, any one who wishes joins in, and, if the occasion is a ceremonial one, and is sufficiently important, every one, children as well as adults, stays up all night, some always keeping the dance going while others stop to rest, to eat, or to make love, returning to the ranks of the dancers as and when they feel inclined.

If nothing is toward, the village settles down for the night very early, unless there is a moon, when it will resound with gossip and laughter for a long time. It is considered silly to go to bed while the moon shines. Once when I excused myself for leaving the assembled company on the ground that I was sleepy, they laughed, and said: 'This is not the time to go to bed. By and by, when the moon is gone, then you can sleep.'

Thus runs the course of an ordinary day in the life of a Bougainville village. In order to ascertain how the natives spent their time, individually, I kept for a while a daily record of certain of those who lived nearest to me, not, of course, in great detail, but noting what they were doing for the major part of each day. The records vary, naturally, with the character of the individual. Some are much more public-spirited than others, and take a prominent part in most village activities, other arrange their days to suit their own

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you want her to get up. In the morning she will say to you: 'Oh, I could not sleep last night, I saw you standing up in front of me, I can't think of my husband any more, I think about you only. I think you gave me some medicine?' You must say: 'No, I did not go near you, I did not run about in the night.' She will say: 'Never mind, I want to leave my husband now, I like you too much.' 832

If you want the affair to finish, you take two plants, *rakot* and *rurupari*. Squeeze the leaf of *rurupari* with some water and give it to the woman to drink, and make her eat some of the stem of *rakot*. Then she will sleep well at night and will not think of you any more. But if she likes you very much she may refuse to take this medicine, and then you can do nothing. [824]

Many of these 'prescriptions' are carried out without invoking the help of the *urar*. The methods vary. Some typical ones run as follows:

Take some leaves of the plant *warunon* (unidentified) and squeeze them together in your hand. Ask the woman you want to give you some water, this she will bring in a coco-nut shell. Put the squeezed leaves into the coco-nut shell, and drink the water. Then scrape off the skin of the long root of the same plant and chew it with the betel-mixture. Throw away part of the skin in the place where the woman is. This you must do when no one is looking. Swallow some of the chewed mixture. Next time there is a dance, take a piece of the root and put it in your hair. Then go and dance before the other men start. The woman will come and dance too. When you stop, she will stop too. The next day she will say to you: 'What have you been doing to me?' You must answer: 'Nothing.' She will say: 'Oh, I like you so much. Let us have intercourse.' So the two of you will go to the bush, and you will have intercourse with her, and by and by she will have a child, and then you two will be married. [824]

Take a drinking coco-nut (*mayur*) and a dry coco-nut (*makas*). Scrape the meat of both, and mix the scrapings together. This mixture is called *kariur*. Take the leaf-buds of *nik* (the betel-pepper) and wrap them up in leaves. Make the bundle hot. Go to the beach, dip the hot bundle in the sea, and rub it over your body. Chew some of the *nik* leaves. Climb a tree, and fix a package of *kariur* to the branches. As the wind rustles in the tree the woman will desire you. [824]

When you go to a dance, first get some of the roots of the tree *wapindi* and chew them. Light a torch (made of coco-nut palm leaves) and spit the chewed roots on to it. Lay another piece of root on top of the burning torch and let the two burn together. When you see the woman you want, throw the torch towards her. If she takes it and warms herself [824] [372]

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places, carrying spears, bows and arrows, knives, and trade axes, which they call tomahawks. Those who were not fortunate enough to possess these treasures carried sticks cut from the bush, with leaves still attached to them. Their faces were painted in various patterns, a striking effect being obtained by a bright red (carmine) obtained from the Chinese stores, covering both ears. Nearly every one had a spot of red (*oin*) on both temples; this is a protection against the dangers of the road.

We went on till we came to a village called Kinopawpaw. On its outskirts we found a platform made of boughs, on which were placed a large number of coco-nut-leaf baskets. These were full of roast pig, cooked taro, and ceremonial pudding. Others contained the eggs of the bush fowl (megapode), done up in leaves. Huge bunches of areca-nut, yellow and green, hung from the posts of the platform, together with bundles of betel-pepper leaves. All along the edge of the platform there were coco-nuts. The whole effect was one of lavish abundance, as was intended. This food was provided by the group holding the ceremony, for the benefit of those who came from long distances to attend it.

Our crowd approached the platform with much shouting and brandishing of weapons. They were met by a band who had arrived before us, and a sham fight took place. Then we all sat down and food was distributed. Presently a fresh crowd arrived, every one jumped up and rushed out to meet them, and another sham fight took place. This happened whenever a new contingent came up.

We remained there till darkness had fallen; fresh contingents arrived at frequent intervals, each necessitating the staging of another fight. Finally we started off down a narrow track, in single file, our way lighted by torches made of the dried leaves of the coco-nut palm, and the hurricane lanterns carried by our own party, a less picturesque but more dependable form of illumination. The track was level for a while, then it began to go up and down, with creeks in the valleys, some bridged by logs, some to be forded. Progress was at the rate of about two miles an hour, or less, with frequent halts. Presently we came to an avenue of areca-nut palms. These trees the men in the forefront of the procession proceeded to cut down and strew over the road, though some of them were bearing. It seemed a piece of wanton destruction, but as the owners of the trees were among the destroyers, it was clearly part of the business. They did not gather the areca-nuts from the

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trees they felled, nor pick up those that lay scattered thickly on the ground. Leaving behind us a desolate scene of wreckage, we went on farther and skirted the village of Tchinopai. From now onwards we climbed steeply, dropping into deep valleys between ridges. As we stood, during one of the many pauses, on a downward gradient, we could see the lights of the men in front of us going down into the depths, and those of the head of the procession climbing skywards in the far distance. There must have been between two and three hundred in single file, with torches at intervals, their flicker making the forest into a mysterious place full of weird shadows. It is not difficult to understand the general dread of the forest after nightfall.

When we had almost made up our minds that we were to walk all night, we came to the village of Nimbarossi. On the verandah of a house by the road was laid out another store of provisions, which were promptly distributed. The crowd then disposed itself for what remained of the night, some inside the house, some on the verandah, and a great many on the ground outside.

Every one was up at dawn next morning, and the long line continued to wind up hill and down dale, crossing rivers—fortunately plentifully supplied with boulders—at intervals. The line was constantly broken by men dashing into the bush to get some sweet-smelling or bright-coloured plant, which they stuck into their hair and armbands, or their belts, if they were lucky enough to possess that much-coveted article.

Presently the whole line halted and collected in a clearing, spreading wild banana leaves to sit upon. A native never sits on the bare ground if he can help it. The boys who were wearing *upi* made elaborate covers for them with leaves, because it would not do for the novices to see them before they had received their own. The older men rubbed lime over their faces. One man produced a tin of talcum powder, which was passed round, its contents being daubed on foreheads and cheeks. Another was the envied possessor of a pot of brilliantine, which he daubed under his armpits with evident pleasure. They hung a wreath of aromatic plants round my neck, which I appreciated as evidence that they did not resent my presence. Presently the sound of a bull-roarer was heard in the distance. I was told that this was the voice of the *urar*, and that we should presently see them. Before moving on, each man carefully whipped with the large leaves of the wild banana the

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away. The resulting parcel (measuring perhaps 4 or 5 ft. × 2 ft.) is called *met* ('dead'), and represents the body of a dead man. It is fixed on to a pole in the same way in which pigs are carried, and brought to the village, the men singing as they go. It is put down in front of the principal house; in Kurtatchi village this would be the hut occupied by Pinari's chief wife. Those who take part in bringing it in may not eat or drink or chew the betel-mixture from the time when they awake that morning.

Then they call for the *tsunaun* of the place (at Kurtatchi, Pinari and his two *wevnē*-, Pari and Matēv). The *tsunaun* must make fire by rubbing two sticks together, inside the hut, calling the while the names of all the *urar*. They take some almonds out of the *met* and throw them into the fire, as soon as it is properly kindled. Then they take lime, and pass it round the fire, taking care not to spill any into the flames. They tap several times on the outside of the lime-pot. A few drops of water and the milk of a drinking coco-nut are scattered in a circle all round the fire. Then they take a taro and put it into the fire, calling on all the *urar* who are in the fire to come and drink. Each *tsunaun* calls the names of the *urar* of his own lineage. Then they break up some of the fruits of the betel-pepper and throw them into the fire. Then the *tsunaun* take some lime and put it on the ears of all the men who went to gather the almonds in the bush. After this these men can eat and drink and chew the betel-mixture for the first time that day.

Finally, the *tsunaun* break up the *met* and eat some of the almonds inside it. One of the women *tsunaun* (in this village it was Pari) fills a *kōbū* with nuts from the *met*, and takes it to the women, who eat on their side of the hut. When all, both men and women, have finished eating, the slit-gong is beaten. If, when all have eaten as much as they can, there are still some almonds left in the *met*, each person takes a share of them and carries them off to eat at home.

The boys wearing the *upi* are not allowed to take any part in this ceremony. They may not eat almonds at any time after they have put on the hat at the *wapi* ceremony, until a special bit of ritual has been gone through, which consists of their being given some nuts to eat in public, thus removing the taboo.

At the conclusion of the ceremony for the first almonds a game is played with tops made of coco-nut shell. The fibrous sheath of

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other clan resident in the village, but these were not allowed to eat in the house. The women of the Manu clan ate on the back verandah, outside the house. This is the only occasion on which women may come to the men's house. When all the provisions had either been eaten or packed up to take home, the people dispersed.

In accordance with the practice of making the most of an occasion, this feast, which was primarily intended for the new men's house, was also made to serve for the burying of the pillow belonging to Gonu's father, and for the piercing of the nasal septum of four boys who had reached the appropriate age. Both of these proceedings are described elsewhere (pp. 492 and 425).

Fire-making

Fire is made by the stick and groove method (Pl. 57). A stick of hard wood, whittled to a point—now by a trade knife, but formerly by means of a black-lip oyster-shell or with the teeth, is rubbed along a larger piece of soft wood, held down firmly, on the ground or on a log, by a second person. The person rubbing crosses his fingers over the rubbing-stick and moves it up and down using considerable pressure, till a groove is formed in the softer wood below. The dust rubbed away is pushed into a heap at the far end of the groove by means of a splinter. No other tinder is used. The time required varies considerably with the skill of the performer, but a spark is usually produced in a few seconds. The spark is then blown very carefully until the sawdust at the end of the groove ignites.

Several kinds of trees were named as being suitable for both the rubbing-stick and the grooved stick. It is essential that one should be hard and the other soft, and that the wood used for the grooved stick should have a straight grain.

TERMS USED IN CONNEXION WITH FIRE-MAKING

Term	*Explanation*
tsura	fire.
io to iun no tsura	I make fire by rubbing.
wakō	to hold the stick on which the other man is rubbing. This stick has no special name.
weniun	the pointed stick with which the rubbing is done.
kavu	the sawdust produced by the rubbing, which becomes the tinder.

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Fire-making by this method is practised by men and boys only. 372 ●
It is resorted to if easier means of obtaining fire are not available. I have seen it done in the bush, but only when we were some distance from a friendly village. The usual plan is to borrow a glowing stick from some one else's fire. One of the first and most frequent commands a child hears from its elders is '*Di ma ta tsura!*' 'Fetch fire.' The youngster, possibly an infant hardly able [857]
to walk, toddles off to the nearest hut and returns with a burning stick or a small portion of a smouldering log, with which a new fire is started. When on a journey, either walking or by canoe, [484]
lengths of smouldering log are carried, with which to rekindle the inevitable pipe. In an outrigger canoe the log is usually laid across the platform, and many canoes bear blackened marks where it has been allowed to burn down unnoticed. Serious accidents caused by this seem, however, to be rare.

A fire is kept smouldering in the huts all through the night. Any one who happens to wake up when it is low will stir up the embers or throw on another piece of wood. If it chances to go out, the woman to whom the house belongs will rekindle it as soon as she wakes, getting a smouldering ember from a neighbouring hut. The fire serves several purposes. It keeps the place warm—for nights even on the Equator can be distinctly cold, relatively speaking. The smoke serves as some protection against the mosquitoes. It is very likely that any one waking in the night will want to rekindle a pipe. The presence of a fire, however small, is also held [775]
to be a safeguard against a visit from one of the *urar*, the spirits of the dead, who are never very far away.

Torches are made by bending the fronds of a dry coco-nut palm leaf towards the distal end, where they are tied in a bundle. 373
They burn for a long time. I am not sure whether any resinous substance is ever put into the bundle, but if so, it is not invariably the case, as I have seen many torches made and burned which had none. Even quite small children make these.

In their handling of fire these people exhibit a degree of casual- 372
ness which frequently caused me, accustomed to the meticulous care exercised by American Indians, no little anxiety. Yet it is remarkable how little damage to person or property occurs through fires. Probably the extreme humidity of the climate is their salvation, but their escape seems to be rather the result of good luck than good judgement.

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Origin of fire.

372 773 539 Two distinct stories of the origin of fire are found in this area, each with several minor local differences. I give in full one told by Maravin, an old man of Kurtatchi.

Once people had no fire, they ate taro that was dried in the sun. When the sun rose they put the taro in the sunlight and the sun burned it, the taro dried. When the people came home from work they ate the taro that had been drying in the sun. When they went to work they said to a woman: 'You look after the place; if it rains you bring the taro inside the house.' The woman turned the taro. The people came home and ate it; then they slept, and slept, and slept. When dawn came they peeled some more taro and put it into a basket, and put the basket in the sun. Then they said to the old woman: 'You take care of the village and the taro.' Then they went to work.

[825] Now a little bird, *woowo'ia* (a small bird that we like to eat because it has a lot of fat), was on a tree in the taro garden. Its excrement was fire. It dropped some excrement, it fell on the leaves of the tree and they flared up. Now one of the women, who was weeding in the garden, saw the smoke, and called out to a little boy: 'You go and see what that is over there, something is light, it looks like something good, presently we will cook our food at it. The boy said: 'Mamma, you come and look, it is something very good.' He took a banana and put it on the fire, the fire cooked it. Then he said: 'Oh, this is something to cook our food with.' Then he ate some of the banana, and gave some to his mother. 'Oh, you eat this banana, it is good.' 'Yes, presently we will cook our food with this thing.'

Then they went to the village, and took the fire with them. It lit up the road as they went. They went to the village, and asked all the women: 'Where is your taro?' 'It is up in the rafters.' Then they went and cooked it in their house, they lit a fire. They said to the people: 'Here is something to cook our food with.' They all cried out: 'What is it?' 'It is fire, I cooked a banana with it, it tasted very good, it was not strong.' 'Come on, let's try with some taro in a pot.' The pot boiled. Then they took a basket and emptied out the taro; then they ate it. 'This thing makes our food very good. When the sun cooks it, the taro is strong, when the fire cooks it, it is very good.'

Then they gave fire to every place, and all the people asked them: 'Where did you get it?' 'I got it from a bird, it is the bird's excrement.' 'What bird?' '*Woowo'ia*.'

372 773 At Saposa they say that Morena, who gave them all their knowledge, took the outer shell of a coco-nut and laid it in the palm of her hand; she stretched her hand out towards a bird; the bird

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PLATE 57

MAKING FIRE BY THE STICK AND GROOVE METHOD

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372 dropped some excrement on to the coco-nut shell, and it flared up;
773 this was the first fire.

It will be noticed that neither of these versions account for the process of making fire by rubbing. But the second story, which I heard at Tiop, tells how a man and his wife, while drying their taro in the sun, saw two branches which were being rubbed together by the wind. They tried it for themselves, and first smoke came from the sticks and then flame. Then they brought wood and made a big fire and cooked their bananas on it. At first the other men were afraid, but presently they came and asked where the two had found this thing. They said they had found it in the bush. Then they showed all the people how to make fire and how to keep it alight.

WOMEN'S WORK

Pottery

323 There is only one place in Buka and North Bougainville where
184 pottery is made.[1] This is the group of six small hamlets, three on the cliff and three on the shore below, which make up the village of Malasang, on the east coast of Buka towards its southern end, about six miles from the entrance to Buka Passage.

All the women of Malasang know how to make pots; they teach
142 the craft to their daughters and to the wives of their sons. A novice
323 starts by making small pots, increasing the size of her products as
436 she grows more skilful. Only a few of the women can make the very largest pots. There seems to be no standard of skill except as regards size. I did not hear of any woman noted for making especially fine or well-shaped ones. They are made in large numbers, far in excess of domestic requirements, since there is a market for them over the whole of Buka and North Bougainville.

Materials.

317 There are two ingredients in the mixture from which the pots
323 are made. The bulk of it consists of a greenish clay called *petako*. It is quite plentiful in the bush, and is uncovered by the pigs in their search for water. The other ingredient is called *mēmia*, and

[1] Pottery is also made on the east coast of Bougainville, near Kieta, where the technique is similar, but the shape slightly different, and at Buin on the extreme southern end of the island; the manufacture of the latter I have not seen (Pl. 61*a*, no. 4).